# THE BEE.

Terms. $2.00 per year.

Our Liberties we Prize and our Rights we will Maintain.

5 cents per copy

VOL. II. WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1884. NO. 43.




### PRESIDENTS AT DINNER.

**The White House Steward Describing the Table Habits of Hayes, Garfield and Arthur.**

I had an interesting chat, writes a Washington correspondent, with Mr. Crump, steward of the White House under Hayes and Garfield. Said he: "The position of steward of the White House pays $1,8 a year, and it was, under Hayes, a very nice position. The steward has the full charge of the White House. He is responsible for everything. He must see about the table, attend to the catering and keep the servants and the house in order. When Hayes and Garfield were at its head the position was easier than now, on account of the good hours they kept. Each of them had his last meal over by 6 o'clock, or a little later, and we got through dish-washing by 8, so that the men could go away. Of course, I refer to ordinary days when there were no state dinners. Mr. Arthur has his dinner between 8 and 9 o'clock, and his friends often sit at the table until 12 and 1 o'clock. The hours are all changed now.

"President Garfield was very plain in his diet. He came into the White House with dyspepsia, and he was doctoring all the time up until he was shot. He ate no rich food and was particular about his hours. He had breakfast at 8:30 in the morning, when he would eat a good beefsteak and some baked potatoes with cream poured over them. This was a favorite dish of Garfield's, and it was one which he ate when he could eat nothing else. It is delicious, and far surpasses baked potatoes and good butter. Then Garfield was also fond of a little nice bacon fried to a crisp, and this with a few side dishes made up his breakfast. Dinner he ate at 3 p. m., and this meal was much the same as his breakfast. He always had his beefsteak, and neither he nor Mrs. Garfield were big eaters. About 7 o'clock he had tea, and this was a very light meal also. There was generally some one present to dine with the family, but there was no wine in the White House during the Garfield administration."

"Tell us something about Hayes."

"During the administration of Hayes there was wine used at only one dinner, and that was at the one given to the Grand Duke Alexis. During their family meals there was never wine on the table nor was there any at the state dinners. The Hayes family were good livers, and they were also great entertainers. During the last three months of Hayes' term there was an average of thirty-seven at each dinner, and he always had a house full of guests."

"It costs a good deal to run the White House, I can tell you, and Arthur will have to have a great many things sent in by the neighbors if he carries much of his salary away. Hayes had a number of friends, such as Major McKinley of Ohio and others, who had a standing invitation to be present at his family dinner. He never set the tables for less than fourteen, and they were generally full. So you want to know what Hayes ate?" continued Mr. Crump. "Well, his hours were breakfast at 8 or half-past 8, lunch at 1, and dinner at 6. He was a great lover of oatmeal and grits, and we always had these on the table as a part of the breakfast. Then, we would have fruit in the season, good steak or mutton chops, buckwheat or corn cakes."

'Was Hayes much of a candy eater?" I asked.

"What?" replied the steward; "why, sir, he had a sweeter tooth than any child in America. All of the family are very fond of candy, and we always had it on the dinner-table. It was of the assorted kinds, and it was eaten of liberally. Mr. Hayes did not like pork. He said he had had enough of it in the army to do him a life-time. Mr. Hayes was a pleasant man to work for, and Mrs. Hayes was one of the kindest ladies the White House ever had. I kept a list of all the callers upon Mrs. Garfield, and some of those who called upon Mrs. Hayes. At one of Mrs. Garfield's receptions Guiteau was present."

"Is the position of steward a desirable one?"

"Not very at this time. The work is very hard. In addition to the catering and seeing that the house is kept in order, the steward has to watch the relic-hunters. It is outrageous how strangers will cut and destroy the furniture. We often found the carpets cut after a big reception, and it was a common thing to see a hole cut out of a lace curtain. Sometimes the chairs would be cut, and at one time a piece large enough to make a cane was broken out of a sofa back. In the east room, just under the mantle, there are a number of little carved, gilt knobs which screw into the wood-work, and at one reception seventeen of them were stolen."

### Water Waves from Earthquakes.

In some South American earthquakes the wall of water raised by the first shock has reached the almost incredible height of 200 feet, and successively smaller walls have rapidly followed to the shore in a gradual diminuendo, till at last the undulations died away to a mere ripple. Occasionally these big waves have radiated outward right across the entire face of the Pacific, to be recorded in Japan (according to Professor Milne) twenty-five hours afterward, at a distance of nearly 9,000 miles from the original centre of disturbance—not bad time as ocean travelling goes. The Java wave not only affected the entire coast of India, but ran up to Hooghly half-way to the ghats of Calcutta, and even made itself felt in the port of Aden. It was also noted in South Africa and at Mauritius. Curiously enough, the great earthquake of Lisbon produced no visible effect on land in England, but it jarred and shook all the rivers, lakes and canals, so that the water in them oscillated violently for some time from no visible external reason. Loch Lomond rose and fell two and a half feet with every wave for five minutes; Coniston Water dashed itself wildly about as if it expected it was going to be made into a reservoir for the supply of still infantile Manchester; and the bargees on the Godalming Canal were only prevented from supposing that a steam launch had just passed over the course by considerations of historical propriety (highly praiseworthy in men of their profession), owing to the fact that steam launches themselves had not yet begun their much objurgated existence. This curious effect is, of course, due to the greater mobility of liquids, just as a very slight jar which would not visibly affect the substance of the table will make the water in the finger-glasses rise and fall with a slight rhythmical motion. Indeed, it was similarly noticed at the time of the Lisbon catastrophe that in distant places where no other effect was produced, chandeliers, and even rows of tallow candles hung up in shops, began to sway to and fro slowly, after the fashion of a pendulum, about the time when the earthquake might be expected to have reached their neighborhood. The fact that they were hanging freely from above made them easily susceptible to the slightest tremor which would not otherwise have been perceptible. Ardent seismologists might improve this hint by practicing as much as possible upon the trapeze.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

### A New Potato.

Our cultivated potatoes are derived from *Solanum tuberosum*, and we have new varieties of these by the dozens every year. The European journals now announce an entirely new species of Solanum with edible tubers, Solanum Ohroudi, so named from the person who discovered it on an uninhabited island at the mouth of the River La Plata, in South America. This new potato has been tried at Brest, in the north of France, and appears to have qualities which may be of value when it has been improved by careful culture. Among others, it promises to be hardy, and when once established it remains in the soil from year to year. It remains to be seen if this is a desirable property. Think of a potato becoming a weed, and forcing its tubers upon us whether we wish them or not! The dwarf habit of the vine, not exceeding a foot in height; its freedom from disease, and its hardiness, all make it worthy of being thoroughly tested. On the other hand, the difficulty of rooting it out when once planted will make our planters cautious of it, should it be introduced among us.

### Reading An Hour a Day.

There was a lad who, at 14, was an apprentice to a soap boiler. One of his resolutions was to read an hour a day, or at least at that rate, and he timed himself by an old silver watch, left him by his uncle. He stayed seven years with his master, and when he was 21 he knew as much as the young squire. Now let us see how much time he had to read in seven years, at the race of one hour each day. It would be 2,555 hours, which at the rate of eight reading hours per day, would be equal to 310 days; equal to forty-five weeks; equal to eleven months—nearly a year's reading. That time spent in treasuring up useful knowledge would pile up a very large store. I am sure it is worth trying for. Begin now. Do what you can. In after years you will look back upon the task as the most pleasant and profitable you ever performed.

The Methodists have grown from 15,000 members in 1784 to 3,993,820 at the present time. Their centennial celebration will occur next fall.

### HUGE CLAMS AND OYSTERS.

**Single Oysters Weighing Three Pounds—Single Clams that Five Men Lugged Into a Dining Room.**

"Speaking about shells, now," said an eminent conchologist to a New York *Sun* reporter, holding up a magnificent orange shell as if it were a gem, and breathing upon it preparatory to polishing it with a chamois skin, "reminds me of a practical joke that some friends of mine got up a little while ago. You see, we had a club of shell men and met in each other's houses once a week, and once a year we gave a dinner, to which each member was allowed to invite a friend. Two of the guests at the last dinner were Englishmen, and as one of them had expressed a desire to see something of American oysters, and the other had inquired about clam bakes, it was decided to give them a surprise, and to say we did so don't express it. We met at a member's house up town and about twenty sat down to dinner, the two Englishmen being seated on the right and left of the President, as sober-faced a professional wag as ever graced a gown. After the blessing, which was delivered in the Sioux language, two waiters came in, bearing a meat platter of the largest size, and, lifting it with the greatest difficulty, placed it in front of one of the Englishmen, whose eyes began to open as he saw that the dish contained six oysters on the half shell that looked as though they would weigh three pounds apiece. They were brought from Old Point for the occasion, you see, and were what are called coons—nearly a foot in length, and of gigantic proportions. They projected from the dish like great blocks of stone, and a small piece of one would have been enough for two men for a whole meal.

"'We generally begin on six of these,' said the President. 'They're a little undersized, but it's late in the season.'

"'Those are not all for me?' said the horrified Briton.

"'Certainly,' replied the President, 'and if you want larger ones say the word.'

"Finally the victim lifted the great morsel that looked like an underone ham, got it half way to his mouth, and then with a shudder dropped it. 'Good heavens!' he said, 'you don't mean to say you eat six of these? I can't go one. You see I haven't been educated up to it. I must give it up.'

"He was urged politely, but as it was an impossibility, the oysters were refused, and the next course was brought on, every one looking as sober as a funeral. I tell you it would have made a horse laugh to have seen those men look as the waiters came in. The course was baked clams, a la Rhode Island, and, as before, it took two men to bring in each plate, piled with clams so enormous that it fairly took one's breath away, and the Englishmen looked on in downright horror. By actual measurement each clam was nearly a foot in length, and nearly all weighed more than six pounds. By the time a half dozen plates were brought in the table was about covered. The victims sat there in helpless amazement, while the rest pretended to pitch in. Did they eat them? I should say not. Nobody noticed them, and finally, when they had eaten some small clams that had been tucked in for their benefit, the monsters were cleared away. The next course was called devilled tridacna, and one of the guests being urged to try some, a moment later five waiters came struggling through a door with an enormous half shell of a clam, that actually weighed 250 pounds. This was lifted to the table and put before the now thoroughly demoralized Englishmen, who looked so utterly dumbfounded that the whole party broke into a roar of laughter. They then saw they were the victims of a joke, and took it well.

"But how about those big clams? Were they made up?" asked the visitor.

"Not a bit of it," was the reply. "They were, I guess, the first of the newly discovered edible clams of the Pacific that had ever been brought to New York or the East. They have been known for some time, but not to the general public. A naturalist traveling some months ago near Puget Sound found that the geoducks, as they were called, were considered of the soft clam race. Just think of a common soft clam about a foot in length containing a mass of flesh weighing more than six pounds. In taste they don't seem like ordinary clams, but rather like crab boiled, or the Southern salt water crawfish or whip lobster. When you go clamming for these giants you have a day's work ahead of you. In the first place you can get at them only at certain times where there is extreme low tide, and then you want a gang of men or a dredging machine to dig them out. The scientific name for them is Glycinieris, and it is said they are so fine that an establishment for canning them is to be started. One weighing seven or eight pounds would fill up sixteen half-pound cans. Attempts are also being made to introduce the great clam on the Eastern coast, as it is found that they can be carried ten or twelve days in seaweed. So in years to come you may, in ordering a clam bake, be served with a single geoduck, and have to call in help to finish it.

"The geoduck has only one rival, the great tridacna that we had brought on; but this is more like our Little Neck clam in its make up; that is, it has a strong, thick shell, and, like many shells, powerful teeth-like projections that fit into each other. It is the largest known shell, weighing 500 pounds or more, while the meat of the animal alone tips the scale at thirty-five or forty pounds. They are found in great numbers in the Torres Strait, and burrow, as it were, in the coral rock, their mantles and fringes showing and looking like great sea anemones. Though the shells are common, they are rarely secured, as no one cares to dig in the water a week to get one out.

"They burrow into the coral rock, and their byssus by which they fasten themselves is so tough that it requires repeated blows of a hatchet to sever it. Where they are found they are used as food, and the shells are cut up by the natives and used as knives, daggers, etc., while certain oval parts cut from the shell are bound upon the forehead as ornaments.

### A Restless City.

The most restless of towns in the enchanting land have their hours of stillness and repose. The "Movimento" of Naples never ceases. The city seems not to rest either by day or by night. You are in your room, reading, very late. Just beneath your window somebody is twanging a guitar and bawling a canzonetta with the usual rhyming of "cuore" and "amore," "forte" and "morte," the usual exordium about "Bella Napoli," and the usual peroration about "Santa Lucia." Does the minstrel outside think that you will open the window and fling him soldi at 2 in the morning? But you retire to your couch and are up again, say at 7—it is midwinter—to see the sunrise. What is that shrill ululation floating over the Bay of Naples—a sound more discordant than melodious, but yet not altogether unpleasing? Is it the cry of a peacock? But peacocks don't fly about the Mediterranean Sea at 7 A. M. It would be safer to surmise that the shrill note may be that of the fabled halcyon. However, you lend your ear more attentively to the note. Upon my word it is the squeak of Punch! Two tattered losels in red nightcaps and the usual imperfect pantaloons, have rigged up in a boat Punch's show of the most primitive kind—a bit of ragged blanketing, a stick or two and a couple of red ochre-smeared puppets—and they are rowing about the bays performing. Maybe some liberal Jack Tar from a foreign merchantman in the port will fling the floating Pulcinello a copper or two. The entertainment given by these abnormally mutinal histrionics is, I apprehend, intimately associated with the all-absorbing question of quattrini. Behind "Il Movimento" is "La Miseria." Both are equally dependent and consequent on the other. Idleness, profligacy, thriftlessness and crime bring about the movement, and the end of the movement is misery.—*London Telegraph.*

### A Queer Article of Diet.

Indians eat the horns of the deer when they are in the velvet. One day, on the Sioux reservation, in Dakota, a deer was killed near camp and brought in entire. At sight of it Pahlaniote, a Minneconjou of some fifty years, dropped his usual statuesque attitude, knocked off the horns, and, seating himself by the fire, began at the points to eat them, velvet and all, without cooking, just as though they were most delicious morsels. The others of the party looked on as if they envied him. They said they "always ate them so."

### Disillusioned.

A Clifton girl who married a poor young man and who has in consequence been practicing domestic duties has lost faith in the entire social system. The other evening her husband came in at six o'clock to supper and handed her a paper folded and sealed.

"What is it dear?" she said, tenderly.

"An insurance policy on my life, darling, for $10,000."

"Why, love, you already have one. What did you want with another?"

"Angel mine, I ate two pieces of that pie you had for dinner.

### Icarus.

A MODERN FABLE.

He was a rustic, happy at his plow;
He went forth in the morning, toiling calm,
And thro' the noonride labored in content;
Peace filled his heart—and is not peace enough?

Sand gleams a diamond when the sun is bright.
Once from his soul a spray of rhyme flashed out,
The which the neighbors praised with noisy clack
And many more who flattered—praise is cheap.
So he went on and dreamed himself inspired,
Forsook his toil and sung of leaf and bee,
Of bloom and bee in orchards lush and old;
Then grew profound and analyzed the heart,
Psyche, the soul, and reason's secret source,
Thro' labyrinths of metaphysic slime,
Turned atheist and soared on.

What next! Why praise.
Fools babbled in his ears sweet lies of fame,
Midge-critics flattered, since he liked it best,
And baser fools, who knew not right from wrong,
Called him the flower of our restless age;
So, like a fly, he fed on poisoned sweets
And droned about, a hero to himself,
Feeling important in the noonday sun.

'Tis told Icarus tried his wings and fell;
Even the gods sometimes make great mistakes.

With sounding clash now came his verses out,
And then true critics told him sober truths
Such as he had not heard, but felt were true.
So that at last he turned and cursed himself
And the cursed liars who had lied him down.
Till, brooding on his woes, he crazed and died—
Not a struck eagle, but a snuffed out gnat.

Who were to blame—the critics or the fools?

—*Charles J. O'Malley.*

### HUMOROUS.

A bent pin on a chair is an indication of an early spring.

Sweet are the uses of adversity, but most people prefer sugar.

Some of our base ball players seem to have been vaccinated. They can't catch anything.

"My! but you're a strapping fellow!" the dull razor remarked to the barber, as it was being sharpened.

"Will you name the bones of the skull? "I've got them all in my head Professor, but can't give them."

"It's a great comfort to be left alone," said an Irish lover, "especially when your sweetheart is wid ye."

"The city must put its foot down on such corruption," shrieks an excited editor. But it can't you know. Corporations have no soles.

Smith—"What fiery red hair that girl has. Looks as if she were ablaze. Do you know her?" Jones—"Oh, yes; she is an old flame of mine."

A camel will work for seven or eight days without drinking. In this he differs from some men, who will drink seven or eight days without working.

"Doctor," said the grateful patient, seizing the physician's hand, "I shall never forget that to you I owe my life." "You exaggerate," said the doctor mildly; "you only owe me for fifteen visits; that is the point which I hope you will not fail to remember."

A merry exchange illustrates the consistency of women by the two facts that she will placidly open a can of salmon with her husband's razor and yet fly into a sort of wild, weird, poetic frenzy when she sees her husband endeavoring to remove a cork from a bottle with her best embroidery scissors.

Feeble urchin: "I say, ma, my head aches. I'm going to stay home from school this afternoon." Solicitous maternal ancestor: "Well, my dear, I'm sorry. Stay at home and rest. It may do you good." Three hours late feeble urchin rushes into the house with cheeks aglow. "I tell you we had a nifty game. Eighteen to fifteen I played short. Gimme suthin' t'eat.'

### The Fascination of the Gold Mines.

An old forty-niner says of gold hunting: "It's the fascination of it. Lorman, when you've struck it pretty rich and can see yer gold right in front of you; when you're piling it up every half o' the day, with a nugget now and again as big as a bullet to cheer you, and then when the evenin' comes and you count it up and find a hundred odd dollars just picked out o' the earth that day—well, there ain't nothin' like it. Then when you don't strike it rich you always think you're goin' to next day, an' it's just as exciting hearin' other men tell in the evenin' what they pulled out as it is countin' over your own. Why, I've been three and four months at a time without making a dollar and without a cent in my pocket; but geewhittaker! the excitement of it don't give a man twice to think how hard up he is."

### How to Catch Fish.

"Boy, how much do you want for that string of fish?" asked an amateur fisherman on his way home from a day's sport.

The boy named his price.

"All right, there's your money. Now just throw me the fish," and he dexterously caught them.

"Talk about catching fish," he said, as he pursued his way.—*Philadelphia Call.*